

JOURNAL OF THE



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Still only £2.50 to Non-members

COVER PHOTO

Tony Davies returning home from a trip in the Ty Gwyn last year, accompanied by Sarah Barratt

NEWS... NEWS... NEWS...

GOES have been granted permission to exhibit photos and artifacts in cabinets located in the restaurant of the Kings Head. There are examples of bone tools, a Victorian potty, a Victorian dress ring discovered in the Ty Gwyn plus many interesting photos taken by Mark Beardsall on display. Well worth a look - and you can enjoy a pint at the same time! A sub committee has been set up to manage this display. They are also in the process of compiling a set of four large display boards showing the history of the main mining areas on the Orme and the activities that GOES is involved with. These boards will be on temporary display at the Visitor Centre on the summit of the Orme. Grant aid has kindly been offered by CADW for this.

It is with sad news that we report the death of Bill Oliver earlier this year. He was a well known and much loved local historian, involved with GOES in the early years and later with the Llandudno Historical Society.

Congratulations must go to Pat and Tammy who recently got engaged. They met several years ago on a GOES dig at Ogof Tudno.

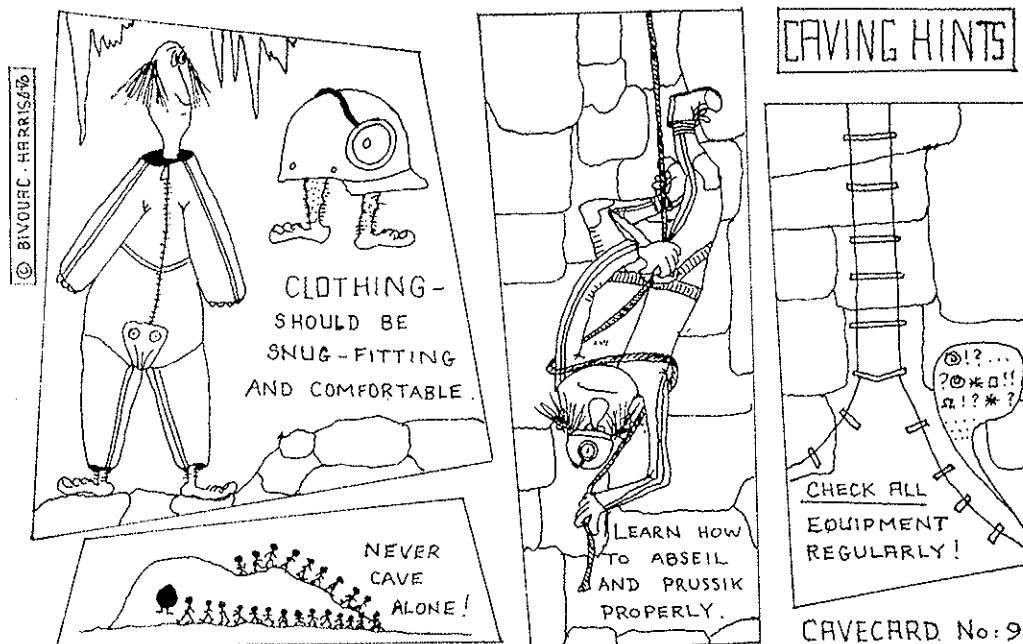
Ali Davies is stepping down as your journal editor at this years AGM (assuming members vote in agreement to this), and Phil Barratt has kindly volunteered to take her place. Thanks to everyone who supplied her with articles and pictures over the past 6 years. This Journal is important and depends on your contributions, so please keep your new editor occupied with a constant supply of material. He can accept handwritten pieces, articles on disk or sent as an e-mail, also digital and traditional photographs that can be scanned in - so there's no excuse! Please start composing now for the next journal due out in October this year.

CONTENTS

- 2.....First time underground
- 3.....Gold mining in France
- 4.....Blessed are the hole watchers
- 5.....Interesting images from the past
- 6.....GOES goes out to dine
- 7.....The old account book
- 8.....Mine to be explored again
- 9.....Gloddaeth and its surroundings
- 11.....The caving code and your committee members

Enclosure: List of this years proposed summer walks.
If you have any suggestions for future walks then please contact Ali Davies on 01492 877960

GOES on the Web: www.gounder.welshnet.co.uk
This site is maintained by Steve Lea and updated on a regular basis - well worth a visit. The web address may be changed in the next couple of weeks due to problems with the present ISP.



CAVECARD No: 9.

FIRST TIME UNDERGROUND

For many years now I have enjoyed reading about the many passages under the Orme. I would try and imagine where shafts and engines would have been. I had never thought that I would be brave enough to venture underground. I was very impressed when I heard that Muriel had been underground [pictured on page 6, Journal(1)2001] but still felt that I would never manage it.

I would never have asked anyone if it would be possible just in case I changed my mind. So when Ali said there was a trip down Ty Gwyn and I could go, my initial reaction was to ask Phil, my husband, if he would like to go. However, trying not to appear a coward I put it to the back of my mind, occasionally panic would rise to be pushed aside perhaps with the thought that it may not happen.

The day dawned and we walked past the entrance with some friends who looked disbelievingly at the manhole in the grass. Ali and Tony very kindly lent the necessary equipment of battery pack, helmet and gloves.

Again trying to suppress panic, mainly about the unknown, I felt much better after Ali said that if at any time I felt that I needed to come out then I should just ask. Surrounded by people who go into unknown and often unbelievable places I felt that I would just get in the way.

I have done things that have filled me with fear before and it is not a feeling that I like, so looking down the hole I needed to know that I would come off the ladder on to firm ground. And then it was over the top and down you go. People were really encouraging saying I was going down the ladder really well - although I felt shaky. I had no idea at all what to expect.

Once down Steve Lea, my personal guide, led me on an absolutely fascinating adventure. He was a superb guide and it was wonderful to see things that I had only read about. Once down I was no longer frightened, though I quickly lost my sense of direction as we went through connecting passages. Quite happy now until we came upon the Ty Gwyn shaft which again brought back the feelings of terror. If you haven't seen it, it is impossible to imagine the sheer size of the shaft. Clear water quite a way below and a long way above, apparently with the Empire car park on top. Then the comment 'the sea is coming into the shaft' and again

more fear, would everyone run out now? No, of course not. This was nothing to these experienced GOES people.



Tony Davies and Irene studying rocks

Time had certainly passed amazingly quickly and it was time to ascend to the real world again. My mind full of images of many people working in these mines a long time ago. It does leave you with a desire to know more.



Irene emerging safe and sound

Climbing the ladder was quite hard as you do not realise how tired you have become, my legs and arms were a little shaky. It was funny to hear voices and Sarah shouting mummy. She was perhaps a little scared that I might not return. What with all the people, camera crew [filming on the same day for GOES goes digital - a programme that was due to be shown on digital S4C] and passers by it was a bit of a shock. In fact, the first desire was to go back down.

Phil, Dennis and Muriel up top seemed to have been kept busy responding to queries about the 'hole' with less than true answers.

An amazing and wonderful experience thank you to everyone for your support and patience. The thoughts are still fresh and clear. Maybe one day I'll have another go.

Irene Barratt, Rochdale/Llandudno, June 2001

GOLD MINING IN FRANCE

For any of our members afflicted with Gold Fever, France is not a country that automatically springs to mind when prospects of actually finding that lovely stuff are mentioned. But gold has been mined there for many centuries, as I found, rather to my surprise, during one of my long holidays there a few years ago.

I was on my way South - as usual, bound for the pyrenees - and having crossed the Loire I was driving gently down the Western side of the Massif Central, midway between Pointiers and the Dordogne, when I stopped off for some liquid refreshment at the little town of Chalus, famous for its ruined castle (of which more anon). In the little information kiosk by the roadside I came across a leaflet advertising a "Museum of Gold" in a village called Jumilhac-le-Grand. This seemed too good to miss, particularly as a quick Maplook in my tattered but trusty Michelin Atlas showed that Jumilhac-le-Grand was barely 20 kilometres away to the South East. So thither I sped, glad to escape from the noisy main highway into a beautiful quiet area of deep wooded valleys and little country roads which led me in due course to Jumilhac and its splendid chateau. A quick recce on foot showed me that the Museum of Gold was in the chateau itself, so I made a beeline for that, paid my 20 francs entrance fee to the young man at the counter, and started looking around.

Most of the exhibition was devoted to modern gold-mining, with some nice samples (presumably skillful 'mock-ups'?) of alluvial gold and small nuggets. These were from all over the world, but the places of origin included three famous river valleys in France - the Ariège (Eastern Pyrenees), the Cèze, and the Hérault - both of these in the Cevennes, the South Eastern corner of the Massif Central. All three of these were alluvial deposits, and I remembered reading somewhere of an International Gold-Panning Competition held a few years ago at Foix, that lovely old city on the lower Ariège.

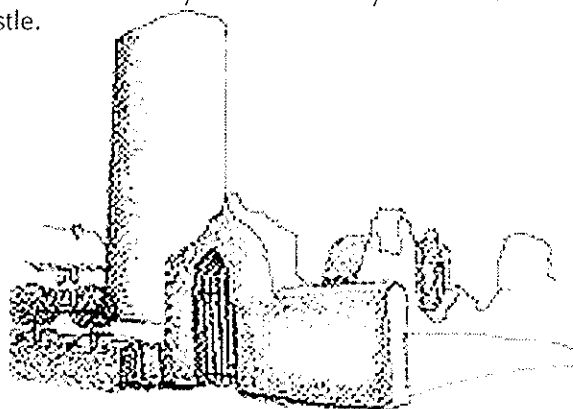
But the main interest for me was the small display in one corner, concerning the prehistoric (or at least "Gallo-Roman") gold workings found in 1988 just West of the little town of St-Yrieux-la-Perche about 11 kilometres North East of Jumilhac. There was a little sketch map of the ancient mine-workings discovered in this area, each location marked by a black dot: after counting twenty of these black dots I gave up! But the most important workings were at a place called Fouilloux (not marked in my Atlas). These, when excavated by French archaeologists in 1988, uncovered many surface workings and also six underground 'galleries', one of them with the remains of timbering, preserved thanks to the very wet conditions. These underground passages were 1 to 1.3 metres broad and 1.75 to 2 metres high. The rock walls showed plenty of the marks made by iron picks. Also found on the surface were the remains of a hut, shown chiefly by its post holes, and within the hut and in the workings were fragments of pottery, some Iron Age ("La Tène III"), others Roman ("Terra Sigillata"). A Carbon 14 test on some of the wood from the underground timbering gave a date in the 2nd Century B.C.

Also found were the remains of an ore-crushing area - marked by fragments of stone hammers and anvils. A detailed report has been published -

"Les Mines d'Or du district de Saint Yrieux La Perche" by Pierre Christian Guiollard (published by S.A.I. Biarritz, 1991). A copy of this book was on display in the Museum, but unfortunately it was a bit more than I could afford to buy at the time.

Some time later, during my homeward journey, I remembered to visit St Yrieux and actually found what I think was a modern gold mine. There are two of these modern mines marked on the latest Michelin Atlas map (p. 118) - one about 7 kilometres North East of St Yrieux, and the other about the same distance North West of the town. I tracked down the latter - it was marked by a great mound of what looked like sandy spoil (or washings?) but it was surrounded by a high wire fence, and the only gate visible was heavily padlocked. But I did see a notice attached to the fence saying something about "Beureau of Geological Research", and I suspect that any work there nowadays is confined to reprocessing the old spoil heaps (as at Gwynfynydd?) mainly for scientific research.

But what about Chalus and its ruined castle, mentioned earlier? Reading my Michelin Green Guide to Perigord, I learnt that Chalus was the place where our own King Richard "Lionheart" met his comeuppance in 1199. He was in command at the siege of Chalus Castle - as a result of the local chieftain refusing to share with Richard, his "liege-lord", a "Golden Treasure" - nine huge balls of solid gold - found nearby and secreted by the chieftain in his castle.



Sketch of Chalus Castle taken from:
www.irisnet.fr/rcdl/anglais/chateau.htm

While scouting around the castle, and still theoretically out of range of normal bowshot, Richard was hit in the shoulder by a bolt from a new type of Arbalast (= crossbow) being used there for the first time. His wound became gangrenous and he died a few days later. But before he died, the castle surrendered, and the man who had fired the fatal bolt was brought before the King, to plead for mercy. Richard forgave him, and ordered that he should be set free. After the King died - so the Michelin Guide insists - the defenders of the castle were all "PENDUS" (= hanged), except for the over-skillful crossbowman who was "ÉCORCHÉ VIF". My handy little French-English Pocked Dictionary translates "ÉCORCHÉ" as "Skinned", and "VIF" as "Alive"..... Blimey! Moral: in the Middle Ages, avoid hitting *Kings*. But what happened in the end to that "Golden Treasure"? Aha!.....

Mr Geoff David, Glan Conwy, August 2001

BLESSED ARE THE HOLE-WATCHERS..

Holes are funny things!

People look down them, peer into them, (sometimes fall down them!) and generally want to know what's at the bottom. There is something almost magnetic about them: people are drawn to holes!

Twice now since becoming a member of GOES I have been entrusted with a hole to look after. (Could this be an elected office at the next AGM I hear you say?)

A couple of years ago, one of the Thursday summer evening walks took us down the hole in the putting green on the side of Happy Valley, and into the breathtaking reservoir which lies below. Having putted on that green since childhood I never knew until that day there was anything underneath, nor the magnificence of being there amidst superb brick vaulted roofs with amazing acoustic qualities. Having explored the reservoir I came back up and took a turn at hole-watching both to make sure that no one fell in, and also to top rope those coming out. People taking an evening stroll were fascinated! Drawn by the hole, they could not believe what lay beneath. The interest was staggering from young and old, local and holiday-maker alike.

The second hole placed in my charge was in May this year when members of GOES took the S4C camera crew down the Ty Gwyn mine. This was a first 'underground' for Irene, my wife, and as Sarah (my daughter) and I wanted to see her go down (and come out again!), I offered to mind the hole, bags, spare lamps, batteries and the like. Again people couldn't resist. They were drawn from their afternoon strolls to this hole. People of all ages came to have a look! "What's down there?", "Where does it go?", "Who built it?", "Is it a coal mine?". One lady said she was born and bred in Llandudno and never knew of the Ty Gwyn's existence, and she was amazed at the suggestion that as we spoke my wife would probably be somewhere underneath the Empire Hotel. The hole was educating not just interested tourists, but locals as well. Another visitor had been a coal miner all his life and was fascinated. Yet another asked me a question I could not answer about rock strata and a young lad on a scooter seemed determined to get nearer to the hole than I was prepared to let him (they're the sort you find in the 'some people even fall down them' category mentioned above)

I must confess to a little mischief however; One lady came over and in a broad Liverpoolian accent said "Are you doing the drains then?". "Yes" I replied, "You see that hotel over there (pointing to the Min y Don), well there's a toilet blocked on the first floor". She looked into the hole. "I wouldn't stand too close love, it'll be coming through anytime now!" She was gone in a flash!

Some of you will know, that when I'm not employed in that most revered occupation of ensuring that the bar doesn't fall down in the Kings Head, I am a parish priest of a large and busy parish in Manchester. In the church we often look for new and exciting ways to spread the Good News. (Do I feel a sermon coming on? No, it's OK, don't panic!) Could a hole be the answer? Certainly they have drawn people to enquire and know the good news not just about what lies beneath Llandudno and the Great Orme, but also about GOES. People are really interested in knowing what lies

beneath, partly because it is largely unseen and partly because we judge things too often on face value, on the first glance. And all those old clichés about not judging a book by its cover spring to mind. If part of our work in GOES is to help people know that there is so much more to the Great Orme than it first appears, then perhaps being the custodian of a hole for a few hours is all a part of that!

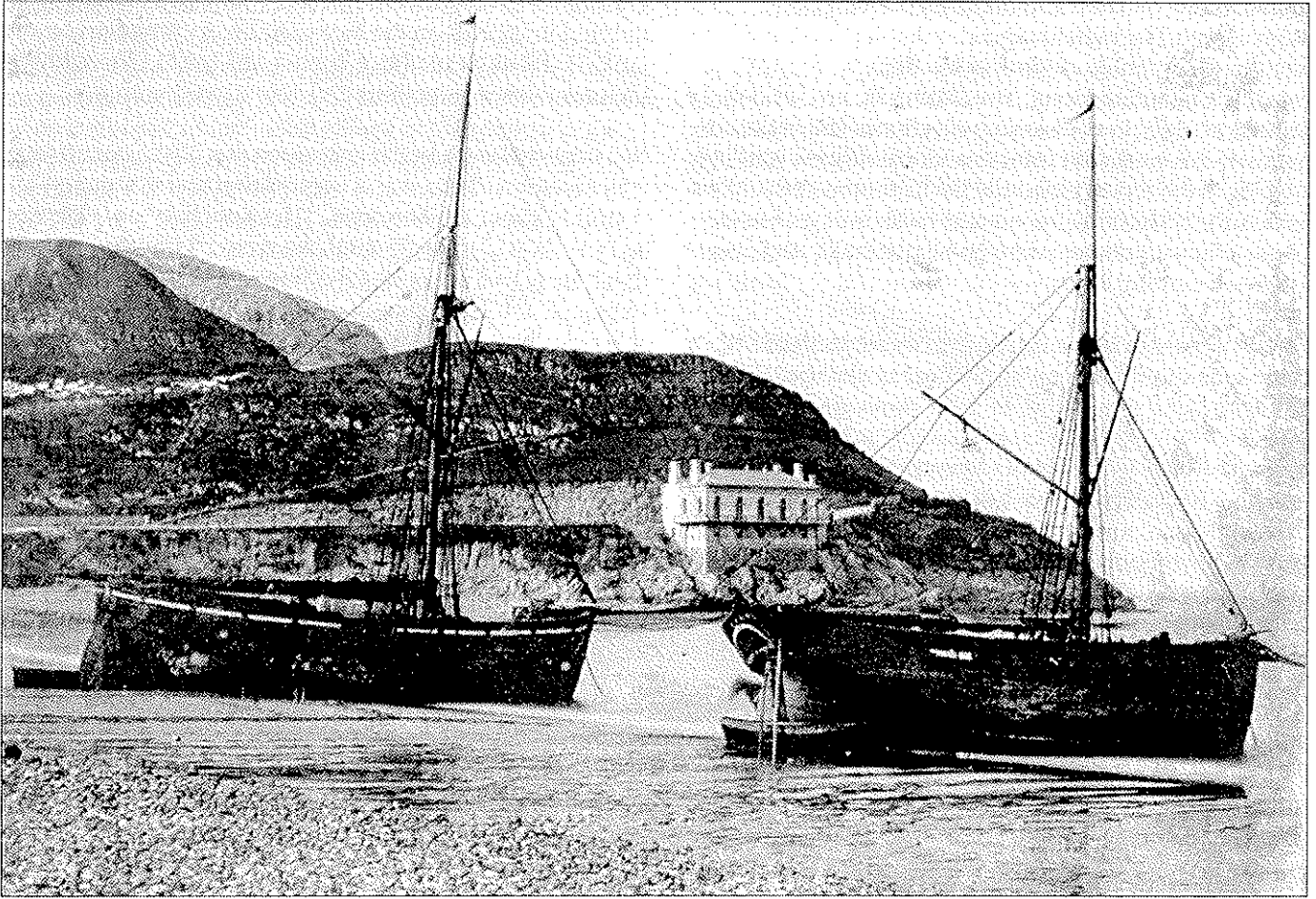
As it says in *this* Good Book: Blessed are the hole-watchers!



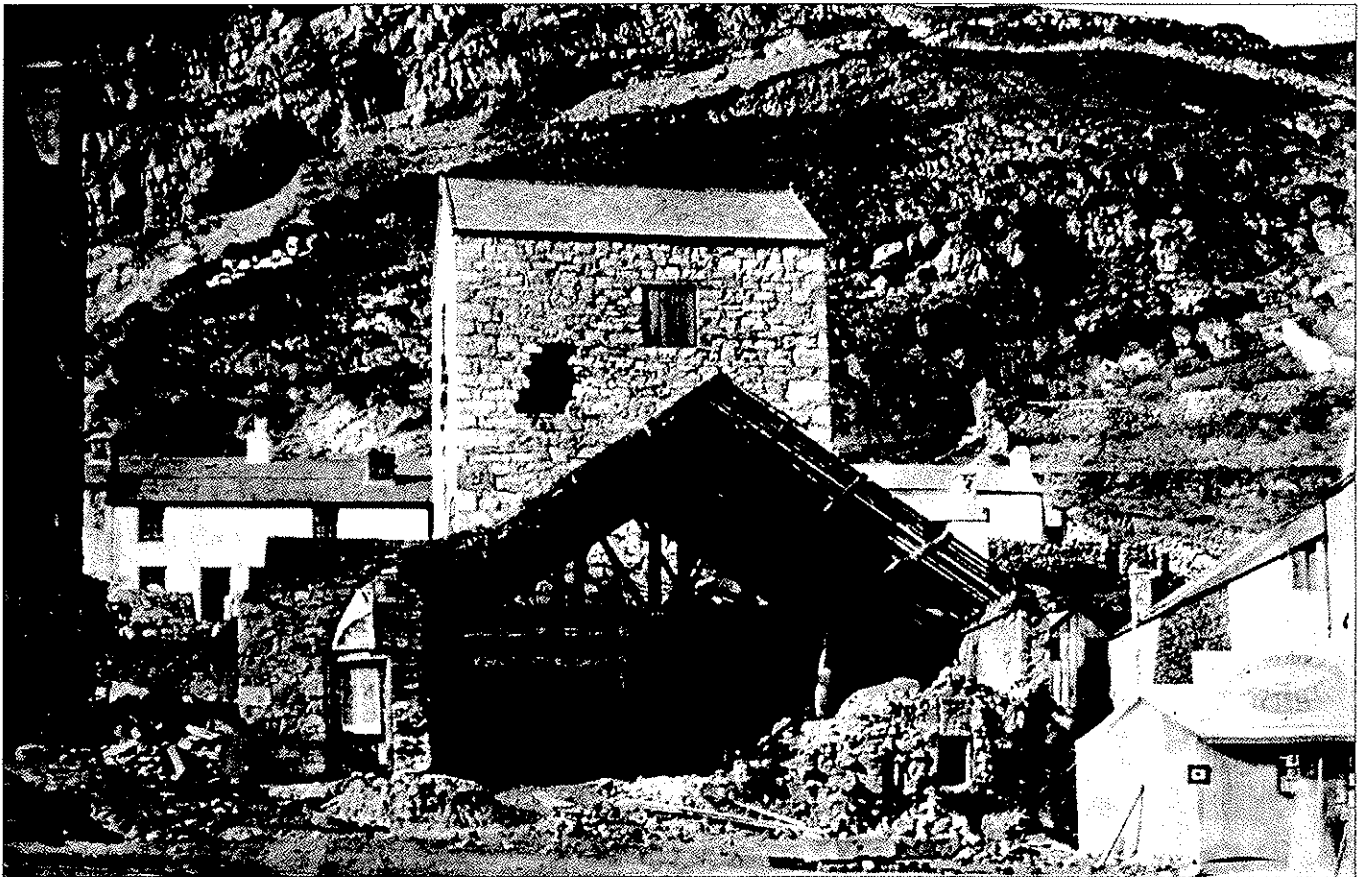
Phil Barratt (Revd - well most of the time!), Rochdale, June 2001

INTERESTING IMAGES FROM THE PAST

Thanks go to both Sotherby's and the National Library of Wales who kindly granted permission to publish these images. Thanks must also go to CJ Williams who brought the slides to the attention of GOES.



Boats moored on Llandudno's North Shore/Town beach around 1857



The Simms Engine house, used to dewater the Ty Gwyn workings around 1857

G.O.E.S. GOES OUT TO DINE

On the 30th November, we once again met for our annual Christmas bash. This year we had a change of venue, and were the guests of Anne and Brian Carpenter at the All Seasons Hotel. The Hotel is situated on Hill Terrace, from where there is a fabulous view of the Bay and the Little Orme. It is a beautiful Hotel. The Dining Room can only be described as a glorious place of reflections. The walls are completely covered with mirrors and the affect is startling. Everything in the room, especially the Christmas decorations, is seen in the mirrors, going on and on forever and ever. Tony got a little confused, when going to the loo, and almost met himself coming back!

I was told that there was a dance floor underneath our table. Luckily none of the members ended up under the table to find out!

This year there were only about twenty of us. Sue and Dave Chapman were sadly missed, but as they were only married a short while ago, it was suggested that they were probably "still on honeymoon". Dennis was forced to arrive late, and was probably delayed even longer, when Muriel, on her mobile, told him the hotel was on Hill View Terrace, which is actually situated in Deganwy!

Unfortunately, the absence of Sue and Dave precluded a report of the proceedings at the far side of the room and I can only tell you about the disgraceful occurrences, funny happenings and interesting conversations in my immediate vicinity.

Well, as always, the first exciting event was the pulling of crackers. With most of the party, this went off without any problems, if a little noisily. However, two gentlemen at our table, without their wives to keep them in order, decided to have a row about the ownership of the crackers. It wasn't so much that they were jealously guarding the contents, as that neither wanted them, and they certainly were most unhappy about wearing the paper hats. I noticed that the "single" gentlemen at the far table were similarly embarrassed by fancy dress. However, when it was pointed out to them that they would be reported in the GOES magazine for being improperly dressed, they rapidly donned paper hats. After crackers, came the big balloon blow up and launching into outer space. Mine made rude noises and dropped about a foot away from the launch pad.

John's was the outright winner and he was even able to launch it a second time.

After that excitement it was time to eat. A lovely meal and the Vegetarian Steak was delicious. Tom said he had nearly ordered it rather than the Steak Diane. A comedian on our table said that would have been a MISTAKE! I thought the cheeses were scrumptious and Tom agreed with me.

You must not be under the impression that all the conversation was frivolous. There was a very intellectual discussion at our table about the knockers. "The Knockers", as opposed to "Knockers", you will note! We were all horrified to learn that Muriel had never heard of them! She really will have to be taken in hand.

[best not to type in 'knockers' into a Web search engine, as Tom recently discovered!]

Coffee was served in the lounge, but most people repaired to the bar, and here we were entertained by Mark, who showed us his brilliant slides, amidst some ill mannered barracking - it gets more like the old days every year! As usual the photography was excellent. Full marks to Mark!

Unfortunately, we missed the end of Mark's slide show, as our taxi arrived very promptly. We also missed the male stripper, apparently. However, as cameras were clicking, we may yet get a chance.

Eve Parry, Great Orme, December 2001



THE OLD ACCOUNT BOOK

A few months ago an old exercise book was found in a second hand book shop in Liverpool. It contained the accounts of a Llandudno tavern, the King's Head, between 1824 and 1827. Fortunately local historian and researcher, Bob Barnsdale, managed to acquire it and furnished a copy for the use of GOES. It contains fascinating information and gives a glimpse of life in the village of Llandudno in the early nineteenth century. As often happens with old documents, it also poses many unanswerable questions. Inside the battered cover was written, "Henry Jones, Northern Grove, 1898". At one time one of the houses in Bodhyfryd Road was called Northern Grove and was occupied by a Mr Henry Jones. The road however did not exist for about fifty years after the date of the accounts. Why did Henry Jones decide to write his name on the cover, and where was the book in the intervening years?

The entries are written in English in strong legible handwriting. The pages are divided into four columns. Receipts and payments are not separated but are listed sequentially. In consequence many of the entries are difficult to interpret. It is however obvious that the book listed the drinks received on credit and does in fact incorporate the tavern's "Slate". When compared with current prices the amounts listed seem quite unbelievable.

In January 1824 a brig was wrecked on the northern cliffs in the location now known as Hornby Cove. Government officials and soldiers were sent to Llandudno to investigate the circumstances of the wreck and, hopefully, to prevent the well established and regular practice of plundering. The accounts record their stay in the tavern. On the fourth of January 1824 a Mr Boardman paid three shillings (fifteen pence) for dinner, supper and a bed. He also purchased fifteen quarts of beer for ten shillings and three pence (fifty one pence). Two days later, on the sixth, he purchased another fourteen quarts for nine shillings and eight pence (forty nine pence). This was probably for the soldiers. Mr Boardman would hardly have been able to do much investigating had it been for his personal consumption! On the same day a Mr Harris paid half a crown (twelve and a half pence) for stabling, oats and hay for his horse, and bed and breakfast for himself.

Apparently a large amount of beer was sent from the tavern. There are several examples such as, "13 quarts, allowance to wreck". Guard duty must have been thirsty work.

It would appear that some of the soldiers were billeted at the King's Head and several pages contain details of the food and drink supplied to them. Three of them were supplied with breakfast, dinner, supper, a bed and six quarts of ale for the grand total of nine shillings (forty five pence). The records also show that several rum drinkers frequented the premises. This was an expensive option as a bottle cost three shillings and

nine pence (nineteen pence). Another item which crops up constantly in the old accounts is the sale of candles. These sold at eight pence halfpenny a pound.

The entries of outgoings appear to be mainly for the purchase of malt and porter. From February 1825 to January 1826 the sum £142 was paid out for these items.

Another constant entry is that of money lent to customers. By today's standards the amounts appear trivial. In February 1824 Mr Boardman "had in cash 3/6d" (17 1/2p). In 1826 Mr Rawling, the Mine agent, was "lent 6d" (2 1/2p). In the case of Mr Rawling a later entry records his repayment of the debt.

At the back of the old book is a record of several "vestries" held in the King's Head for the relief of the poor. An entry for January the ninth 1823 reads, "Vestry held in the King's Head concerning distributing warming apparel for the poor". An intriguing entry for May of the same year reads, "Concerning the woman at Carreglithrig".

Undoubtedly the old account book contains a vast amount of information and will repay a great deal more study. Meanwhile, no doubt GOES members will continue to frequent the King's Head and think wistfully of the early nineteenth century prices!

Tom Parry, Great Orme, December 2001

G.O.E.S. TRAVELS ON THE WAVERLEY

Believe it or not, this picture was taken in June 2001 when a group of GOES members braved the weather and the choppy seas to travel on the restored Waverley Paddle Steamer - which sailed around the Anglesey coastline from Llandudno pier - and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.



MINE TO BE EXPLORED AGAIN

Back in 1976 on the 29th January the following article appeared in the North Wales Weekly News (thanks to the editors for granting permission to reprint this)...

One of the biggest rescue operations ever to be launched during darkness on the Great Orme at Llandudno ended successfully shortly before 2am on Monday when potholer Billy Davies, of Cromlech Road, Llandudno, was brought out safely from an old copper mine tunnel.



Later, Mr Davies told the Weekly News that his experience had not put him off his hobby, which has taken him through many of the Orme's old mines.

"I have been exploring the mines on the Orme since I was a young boy. There are a group of us in Llandudno who spend almost every weekend investigating old shafts and tunnels", he said.

His ordeal started shortly after 2pm on Sunday when Mr Davies was cut off from his friends after a heavy rock fall. He was about 30 feet inside the tunnel when the fall occurred. It wasn't until

7pm that emergency services in the area were contacted, and within minutes a full-scale rescue operation was launched, involving the police, fire service, ambulances and the Llandudno mountain rescue team.

They set up lights, using mobile generators, to prepare for a long night in freezing weather conditions. "I had a miner's lamp with me but after a few hours the light started to fade" said Mr Davies. "I got worried at one stage when I felt very sleepy and thought it was probably due to lack of air. Fortunately though, the rescuers were able to push a piece of scaffolding through to me and this acted as an air supply."

As the rescuers got nearer to the trapped man they were able to pass blankets and a half bottle of whisky, which helped him to combat the cold. The five other members of the potholing party also took part in the rescue operation and shortly before midnight they were joined by three experts from the NCB mines rescue service at Wrexham.

At first, there were further collapses as the rescuers tried to move rubble, two men at a time inching their way towards the trapped man. A human chain was then formed to pass the rubble out of the tunnel, with firemen helping.

It was the second time Mr Davies and his friends had entered the tunnel near the well known Pigeon's Cave, below the Marine Drive. The week before they had also been trapped for a few minutes by a rock fall.

Mr Davies, who is a bachelor, lives with his mother. He is a driver-storeman for a Colwyn Bay firm, H and C Motor Factors. On Tuesday he told the Weekly News that he hoped to be potholing again very soon. He thanked his rescuers, who had worked so hard in very difficult conditions...

...25 years later, over the winter months, a team of GOES members revisited Porth yr Helig with the intention of continuing the dig that Billy had begun. The entrance was soon located in an area of largely unstable rock close to the shore. Over a period of several weeks the determined diggers returned to try and gain entry, but the rocks were so loose that they repeatedly filled the hole the diggers had exposed. Work has now been put on hold until a suitable way of shoring up the sides has been discovered that will make further digging safe.



The GOES diggers attempting to gain access



... and larking around!



GLODDAETH & ITS SURROUNDINGS

This I believe is an interesting hand written article which sadly on my copy has some badly faded areas. It has been rewritten here and I hope may be of interest to the reader. Thanks to Mori & John Roberts and to Tom Parry for helping fill in the gaps, and Juliet Hammond for the typing.

Edric Roberts, Craig y Don, March 2002...

"It is evident that the country surrounding the locality on which the modern town of Llandudno now stands was inhabited at a very early period; for we trace several vestiges of the Druidical religion on the Great Orme's Head. A few paces westward of Dolfechan we find some divination stones, though the place is generally called at present "Hwylfa Ceirw" because the hunters used to drive the stags between those rows of stones in order to catch and spear them, when the whole mountain was a deer park; but the more ancient name "Cerrig Coch" i.e. Divination stones still cling to them. Another Druidical vestige is the "Gorsedd" i.e. the mound of Judicature above the Wyddfild Farm and within sight of the Rocking Stone on "Pen-Dinas" where cases of uncertainty or doubt in jurisprudence were decided.

This ancient fort generally called "Pen Dinas" which from early times was named "Creuddyn" i.e. "The bloody fort", a name still clinging to the township, must have been formed at a very early period perhaps when Belinus son of Molmutius formed public roads, and erected many strongholds not far from them; which must have been from four to five centuries previous to the Christian era. There are several vestiges leading us to conclude that the Copper Mines on the Great Orme's Head were worked to some extent at an early period; at least some time prior to the Roman Period and as the discovery of very rude implements in the ancient workings such as Stone Hammers and Bone Chisels and we are further led to conclude that these ancient miners were Phoenicians as we find some foot marks of their religion left unto this day in the locality.

1. Near the old mine works, there is a rude stone hut standing and called in the language of the Country. "Lletty y Filiast"; that is, "The Lodge of the Greyhound Bitch". In the Ancient Mythology of the Britons, the greyhound bitch represented the moon, Phoenician Goddess of plenty and both from the name and formation I am persuaded it was a hermits' cell, where a devotee of the worship of the moon used to watch the first appearance of the new moon prostrating himself before it.

2. Some eight or ten years ago a labourer while digging in a garden within a few yards of the above cell, found a copper medal, on one side of which was the image of Apollo, and on the other figures of the sun, the moon and three stars, and several eminent numismatics who had opportunity of seeing it have pronounced it to be a very old medallion connected with the Phoenician mode of worship, and representing the "Host of Heaven"

3. There is a good spring of water near Bodafon called "Ffynnon Sadwrn", Saturn's Well, and between Glan Conwy and Hendre Waelod there is a large Cromlech called

"Allor Moloch" that is the Altar of Moloch, again on the slope of the Caernarvonshire mountains two or three miles beyond Caerhun the old Roman inscription... and Coed Sadwrn or Saturn's Grove the above must have been imported from the east at a very early period and most probably by the Phoenicians who traded here for metals about 500 years before the Christian era.

4. About 55 A.D the Roman Governor Ostorius Scapulae led an army from Deva (Chester) along the ancient British road in order to subjugate the Ordovices who inhabited North Wales. On his march he took possession of all the British forts in his way so that the natives could have no advantage to harass him in the rear. He formed his camp near the place where the present church of Caerhun stands, and that station was called Conovium. He marched a faction of his army to the stronghold near to the place known as Llandrillo yn Rhos in doing which it seems that a Roman Officer of some eminence called Sempronius fell, which event is commemorated by the name of the dingle at the base of the said hill, which is still called by the natives, "Nant Semper", i.e. "Sempronius's Dingle". Having reduced that Fort the Romans marched in the direction of the Little Orme's Head, in order to attack the strong Fort that now stands above the town of Llandudno; and it seems the Britons posted a body of Archers on a small hill called "Bryn y Bwau", or "The Archers' Hill" to dispute this passage and from the names of the places in the neighbourhood such as, "Pant yr Ellyll", The Hollow of the Hobgoblin, and "Yr Adwy Rudd" i.e. "The Bloody Pass" we conclude that a very obstinate struggle took place there, and at a place called Tyddyn Holland there is a stone commemorating the fall of a Roman Officer. Then the Romans invested a small fort called, "Y Castell" above Bodafon, after taking which it seems they marched forward in the direction of the Great Orme's Head, and two Roman knights were sent to demand capitulation of its Garrison, the chieftain of which sent two knights to meet them, and to discuss the terms; and it seems that the four knights met on the plot of ground now surrounded by Mostyn Street, North Parade and Church Walks, the said plot being called previous to the building of the town, "Clwt y Pedwar Marchog" i.e. "The Field of the Four Knights". However after a desperate struggle, which is indicated by the name "Creuddyn", that is, "The Bloody Fort" the old fort was taken, and remained in the possession of the Romans for some centuries. The huts of the garrison, the residence of the Chieftain, and other vestiges can be traced yet within the ramparts.

After the Romans left this country, having denuded North Wales of all its able bodied men, the country fell an easy prey to some hordes of adventurers from Ireland, who maintained possession of Anglesey and Caernarvonshire for about 120 years. In the year A.D. 443 Caswallon surnamed, "Llaw Hir", that is the "Long Handed", succeeded his father, Einion Yrth, in the government of those parts of North Wales called afterwards Powys, comprising the counties known now as Montgomery, Flintshire, and Merioneth, and had his seat of Government at Castell Caer Einion, in Montgomeryshire. He conceived the idea of wresting the remaining parts of Eneudocia from the Gwyddelians and having fought several battles with them he at last slew their leader, "Serigi the Gwyddelian" with his own hand, in a

hardly contested field, at the place where Holyhead stands now; and a chapel was erected on the spot, a portion of which stands to this day. After clearing the Gwyddelians from the Island Caswallon erected a mansion for himself on a hill on the northern part of the Island, the remains of which is called "Llys Caswallon" and the parish Church at the base of the said hill is named after his chaplain, "Llan Eilian" and the point of the Island there is called, "Elianus".

Soon after that, Caswallon erected another mansion in the Creuddyn which was called "Bod Caswallon", that is, the abode of Caswallon, near where Bodysgallen now stands. There was a road crossing the Island of Anglesey, from the "Llys Caswallon" above mentioned, to the Bod Caswallon here, vestiges of which road can be traced from Pen y Sarn near Castell Maelgwyn, to Din Sylwy, the Fort of the Sun, in Anglesey, or in other words, from the neighbourhood of Amlwch on the northern side of the island to Penmon on the eastern side; and at that time the Lavan Sands was a fruitful vale, across which the said road led to this district.

It is said that Caswallon lived to a good old age and governed the people with great success for 74 years; and on his death in A.D. 517 he was succeeded by his son Prince Maelgwyn, who had his private residence at Bryn Euryn, or Dinarth near Llandrillo yn Rhos, and another called Castell Maelgwyn near his father's residence on Anglesey. Maelgwyn was a powerful man, and in A.D. 546, he was elected Sovereign of all the Britons, in consequence of which he erected a strong castle on the Deganwy Hills, for his Royal Residence and he also had Banqueting house about half way between his Royal residence at Castell y Vaerdref and his private residence at Dinarth; and from that circumstance is the name Gloddaeth derived. There was a small castle of timber probably, on a hill called after him Bryn Maelgwyn, overlooking Gloddaeth, Bod Caswallon, and Vaerdre Castle, where a guard used to be posted; and another watching place was Bryn Gosol. While Maelgwyn kept his court at Vaerdre Castle, the plain between that and the Great Orme's Head was a Race Course, and Princes contested for the prizes. On one occasion, Elphin son of Gwyddno Granhir, King of Cantre'r Gwaelod, whose patrimony had recently been overwhelmed by the sea, was the guest of Maelgwyn at Vaerdre Castle; and his Bard Taliesin there with him. It seems that Elphin had somehow displeased his patron Maelgwyn who imprisoned him in the keep of the Castle; but his friend the Bard Taliesin, composed a poetic address to Maelgwyn, by which he succeeded in procuring the release of his patron Prince Elphin: that poem is preserved still; and among other poems of his that are preserved is a Poetical Dialogue between Taliesin and Ugnach who it seems was Chieftain of a Fort, called Caerllion. Which was situated on Mynydd y Dref, above Conway.

In some of our ancient documents we are informed that an Eisteddfod, or Congress of Bards was held at the above place under the presidency of Maelgwyn, who being bent on fun ordered the Bards and the Minstrels to run a race from Caerllion to Vaerdre Castle where they were to have another contest in singing and playing.

We have it on record that Maelgwyn erected the College of Bangor into a Bishopric, and amply endowed it, and that he also founded the Priory of Penmon, and the College of Caergybi, or Holyhead, in Anglesey.

He also erected the Castles of Caer Digoll, or Shrewsbury, Caer Collwyn or Harlech Castle; and also Caer Gyffin or Aber Conwy.

He died in A.D. 560 in the adjoining church of Llanrhos where he had shut himself up to escape the Yellow Pestilence, which depopulated the Creuddyn; and he was buried in "Ynys seiriol", or Priestholme now known as Puffin Island.

Owen Jones, Bryn Eisteddfod, Llandudno, September 1880